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# The GUARDIAN.

*——Conſtiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc*
*Inque vicem fuerat jactatus anhelitus oris.* Ovid.

*Saturday, June* 20. 1713.

MY Precautions are made up of all that I can hear and ſee, tranſlate, borrow, paraphraſe or contract, from the Perſons with whom I mingle and converſe, and the Authors whom I read. But the grave Diſcourſes which I ſometimes give the Town, do not win ſo much Attention as lighter Matters. For this Reaſon it is, that I am obliged to conſider Vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with Gallantry, elſe I find in a very ſhort time I ſhall lye like waſte Paper on the Tables of Coffee-houſes: Where I have taken moſt Pains I often find my ſelf leaſt read. There is a Spirit of Intrigue got into all, even the meaneſt of the People, and the very Servants are bent upon Delights, and commence Oglers and Languiſhers. I happened the other Day to paſs by a Gentleman's Houſe, and ſaw the moſt ſlippant Scene of low Love that I have ever obſerved. The Maid was rubbing the Windows within ſide of the Houſe, and her humble Servant the Footman was ſo happy a Man as to be employed in cleaning the ſame Glaſs on the ſide toward the Street. The Wench began with the greateſt Severity of Aſpect imaginable, and breathing on the Glaſs, followed it with a dry Cloth; her Oppoſite obſerved her, and fetching a deep Sigh, as if it were his laſt, with a very diſconſolate Air did the ſame on his ſide of the Window. He ſtill worked on and languiſhed, till at laſt his Fair one ſmiled, but covered her ſelf, and ſpreading the Napkin in her Hand, concealed her ſelf from her Admirer, while he took Pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their Meeting. This pretty Conteſt held for four or five large Panes of Glaſs, till at laſt the Waggery was turned to an humorous way of Breathing in each others Faces, and catching the Impreſſion. The gay Creatures were thus Loving, and pleaſing their Imaginations with their Nearneſs and Diſtance, till the Windows were ſo tranſparent that the Beauty of the Female made the Man-Servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole Houſe beſides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my Sight. It may be imagined theſe Oglers of no Quality made a more ſudden Application of the Intention of kind Sighs and Glances than thoſe whoſe Education lays them under greater Reſtraints, and who are conſequently more ſlow in their Advances. I have often obſerved all the low Part of the Town in Love, and taking a Hackney Coach have conſidered all that paſſed by me in that Light, as theſe Cities are compoſed of Crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that Paſſion. When one is in this Speculation, it is not unpleaſant to obſerve Alliances between thoſe Males and Females whoſe Lot it is to act in Publick. Thus the Woods, in this middle of Summer, are not more entertaining with the different Notes of Birds, than the Town is of different Voices of the ſeveral Sorts of People who act in Publick; they are divided into Claſſes, and Crowds made for Crowds. The Hackney Coachmen, Chair-men, and Porters, are the Lovers of the Hawker-Women, Fruitereſſes and Milk-maids. They are a wild World by themſelves, and have Voices ſignificant of their private Inclinations, which Strangers can take no Notice of. Thus a Wench with Fruit looks like a Mad-woman, when ſhe cries Wares you ſee ſhe does not carry, but thoſe in the Secret know that Cry is only an Aſſignation to an Hackney Coach-man who is driving by, and underſtands her. The whole People is in an Intrigue, and the undiſcerning Paſſengers are unacquainted with the Meaning of what they hear all round them: They know not how to ſeparate the Cries of mercenary Traders from the Sighs and Lamentations of languiſhing Lovers. The com-

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